



**FORTISSIMO TODAY ? FUTURE IS A GOD AND IT'S RAINING STORIES: THE HOLY ARTIFACT HAS A NAME, A PROPHECY SPOKEN BY THE OLD MAN LEADS THE HERO TO SLAY THE EVIL; THE DEVICE HAS A MODEL, SOMEBODY SHARED THE STEPS TO HACK IT AND BUILD A NEW CONNECTION. TAP WATER STREAMS, SUBSCRIBE TO THE ARTIFACT. YOU ARE NOT INNOCENT AND YOUR CODEX IS BLOATED: ONE DOESN'T UNSEE. ONE DOESN'T WRITE A BOOK OF FRAGMENTS. ONE MUST IMAGINE SISYPHUS HAPPY AND AETHALIDES CURSED: AN IMAGE IS A STATEMENT, A SOUND IS A QUESTION, A WORD IS A DIMENSION. A GENIUS IS A THIEF, A DANCER IS AN ARCHITECT, EVERY ARTIST IS AN ARCHITECT. EVERY BUILDING, EVERY TOOL, EVERY TEXT IS AN INTERFACE - A FACE IS AN INTERFACE, AND YOU MADE A COCK OUT OF IT. A BROKEN FACE GAPES OVER THE UNCANNY; A BROKEN INTERFACE BRINGS DISCOVERY; A BROKEN MAGIC CIRCLE BRINGS DEATH: A STAGE, A BOARD, A KITCHEN, A FIELD, A CHURCH, A BED, A ROAD, IS A CIRCLE, A CIRCLE, A CIRCLE. FUTURE IS A GOD SITTING ON A TARGET: YOUR CELEBRATION AND MOCKERY COLLAPSE INTO SHARING, A**

ALBERTO RICCA 2022-06-13

## THIS MEANING TODAY

NONMUSIC GLITCH, MILLE PLATEAUX, ULTRABLACK OF MUSIC

An interface is choice frozen.

Let's shuck the lid and expose the underneath:

YOU ARE NOT INNOCENT: YOUR EXPECTATIONS ARE LEADING TO A BAD LISTENING EXPERIENCE. THIS IS TAP WATER.

The truth of a text is never really written anywhere: we have to build this together. Not even

Tolkien explained everything.

You never write a book of fragments.

You never approach a canvas clean.

You are not innocent: you are not immune to propaganda; you are not immune to nostalgia – there are traces of memberberries in any food, we're domesticated by meaning.

ALBERTO ONCE ASKED ME: WHAT IS THE MEANING OF A FORTISSIMO TODAY? WHAT IS THE MEANING OF A FORTISSIMO TODAY?

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF A FORTISSIMO TODAY?

Pierre Menard, the writer of the Quixote according to Borges, tried to become a masterpiece, a De Cervantes whose words are sincere, but twisted into a strange panopticon of prismatic perspectives by the weight of time: not in vain three hundred years passed.

You never approach a canvas clean: everything is symbolic.

FUTURE IS A GOD AND IT'S RAINING STORIES: THE HOLY ARTIFACT HAS A NAME, A PROPHECY SPOKEN BY THE OLD MAN LEADS THE HERO TO SLAY THE EVIL; THE DEVICE HAS A MODEL, SOMEBODY SHARED THE STEPS TO HACK IT AND BUILD A NEW CONNECTION. TAP WATER STREAMS, SUBSCRIBE TO THE ARTIFACT.

Welcome To 2030: I Own Nothing, Have No Privacy And Life Has Never Been Better.

Everything is boring and nobody is bored; the author is dead, aura is dead, consciousness is shared and the entertainment that was art composts into content. Any moment of a work of art is thinkable otherwise.

Fantasy is

The Good against the Evil.

Cyberpunk is

The Individual against Society.

We have always been cyborgs, unwilling to forget.

The street finds its own uses for things.

Postmodernism is

The Author against the Narratives.

Culture is

everything that demands a choice, an effort.

Consciousness is the ability to decide about undecidable alternatives.

Imagine Death as a page scrolling forever.

YOU ARE NOT INNOCENT AND YOUR CODEX IS BLOATED: ONE DOESN'T UNSEE. ONE DOESN'T WRITE A BOOK OF FRAGMENTS. ONE MUST IMAGINE SISYPHUS HAPPY AND AETHALIDES CURSED: AN IMAGE IS A STATEMENT, A SOUND IS A QUESTION, A WORD IS A DIMENSION.

The Tartar Steppe negates telescopes and light: only in their absence, the Fortress can have a meaning. In a stream of water, in a carriage creaking, we hear voices: it is the excess of meaning that makes any text endless, any work of art thinkable otherwise. Open is porn, closed is fetish.

An image is a statement, a sound is a question, a word a dimension, a name a perspective

or gestalt

or infoxication

permadeath

nintendonitis

(se ti piace la parola, dilla)

geobragging

mansplaining

FOMO \ utopia \ tradition

destiny

egosurfing

trashendental

purpose

a tick only understands the concept of heat of a mammal. Whatever the tyche experiences outside the concept of heat, it is noise piercing its circle, it is God. Nothing relevant happens in absence of sound.

A GENIUS IS A THIEF, A DANCER IS AN ARCHITECT, EVERY ARTIST IS AN ARCHITECT.

EVERY BUILDING, EVERY TOOL, EVERY TEXT IS AN INTERFACE – A FACE IS AN INTERFACE, AND YOU MADE A COCK OUT OF IT. A BROKEN FACE GAPES OVER THE UNCANNY; A BROKEN INTERFACE BRINGS DISCOVERY;

*What is the meaning of a Fortissimo today? How can we deal with the web of implications of any aesthetic choice in 2022?*

*In THIS MEANING TODAY, his first full-length album since 2015, Alberto Ricca \ Bienoise accepts*

*the burden of freedom and composes seven tracks that he needed to exist.*

*Computational noise relaxes into contemplation whenever tired in its search for cleaner paths, unstained by memory or melancholy: tending every one of his fetishes, Bienoise welds together crisp high definition modal synthesis and esoteric lo-fi field recordings, choking machine learning algorithms, diy electronic lutherie and overflowed old hardware, structures-as-narrative, the silence of the author, and more mp3 glitches in the wake of his precedent MOST BEAUTIFUL DESIGN ep. You never write a book of fragments. Every text is an interface.*

A BROKEN MAGIC CIRCLE BRINGS DEATH: A STAGE, A BOARD, A KITCHEN, A FIELD, A CHURCH, A BED, A ROAD, IS A CIRCLE, A CIRCLE, A CIRCLE.

Outside your house, nameless things flow. Not even Tolkien named them: without a name, they are free. Without a name, they are the XIII arcane. With every name, they are chaos.

Them breaching in is the detuning of the sky, it is the towers falling: the old names were a magic circle.

***Magic circle against chaos***, also known as ***protection from chaos, 10' radius***, was an abjuration spell that created a sphere of warding against mental and physical attacks from chaotic creatures.<sup>[2][13][14][15]</sup> The older version of this spell was reversible, called ***protection from lawful, 10' radius***, and had identical effects on lawful creatures

Ranged attacks and spells in either direction were not stopped by the circle. The *magic circle* was also permeable to dimensional travel (*astral projection, blink, dimension door, etherealness, gate, plane shift, shadow walk, teleport*, etc.) unless strengthened by a *dimensional anchor* spell, either cast on the creature just after it was summoned (risky, because the creature had an opportunity to resist and/or act) or as part of the preparation of the *magic circle* (safer, but required a delicate, time-consuming act of Spellcraft).<sup>[2]</sup>

To bolster the magic circle with dimensional anchor required the drawing of an intricate tracery with no gaps or breaks, adorned with various magical sigils, all around the perimeter of the circle. This task took at least 10 minutes to complete and was difficult to perform successfully when under duress. If not pressed for time then the caster had the luxury of making sure the augmenting figure was complete and was practically guaranteed success. Once the tracing was finished, the dimensional anchor was cast just before the creature was summoned into the circle. The creature could not resist, dimensional travel was denied, and ranged attacks and spells or abilities could not cross the augmented circle. Anything that disturbed or bridged the circle immediately canceled the spell and released the prisoner, but the imprisoned creature could not directly or indirectly cause this to happen by its own actions.

This spell did not stack with protection from chaos or vice versa.<sup>[2]</sup>

Your mom calls you for dinner.

FUTURE IS A GOD SITTING ON A TARGET: YOUR CELEBRATION AND MOCKERY COLLAPSE

INTO SHARING, A DIFFUSED INCAPACITY OF CHOICE.

Western culture is built on technomysticultural hybrids encoding thought into media, objectified to be criticized, shared to evolve. It's unthinkable not to evolve.

How do you kill evolution? Choose two:

- You mass commodify meaning;
- You reverse consciousness > sharing into a drain;
- You bargain meaning for control;
- You squash the signal-to-noise ratio;
- You rebrand the ur-plant as the urPhone;

It was the opposite of a travel.

What is the principle underlying all the solutions?

ECOLOGY WITHOUT NATURE, POLITICS WITHOUT FUTURE, JOY WITHOUT CULTURE.  
DETUNING THE SKY KILLS THE GOD.

Here, now, you: there's no drain and no irony. It's 2030 and you cannot flush, you cannot unsee, you cannot forget: you cannot forget Cthulhu, you cannot forget The Divine Comedy; you cannot forget Dungeons and Dragons, Hiroshima, Rebekah Sheldon, Eugene Thacker, Tolkien, Francis Bacon, Gilles Deleuze, Parker & Stone, Borges, Goethe, Ida Auken, Mark Fisher, Walter Benjamin, Nietzsche, Andy Clark, Romeo Castellucci, Bifo, Dino Buzzati, Cesare Pavese, Jakob von Uexküll, Ruth Evans, Attali, Paizo, Jon Rafman, Erik Davis, Arnold Schönberg, Lacan, Byung-chul Han.

The street finds its own uses for things. William Gibson.

There's no drain, everything floats, the floor is ruined.

I BUILT THIS HOME COPYING A CATHEDRAL, I JUST DID WHAT FELT RIGHT. IT DOESN'T HAVE A NAME BECAUSE IT'S TAP WATER.

A cathedral is inevitable, cosmo into cosmetic: it's an open temple, the opposite of a fortress. It's the real, always returning to the same place, radiating a town. It's the unspoken hope of a house, the old house where every step made sense; a diorama of all, arranged as you prefer.

Everything is symbolic.

The sky is ruined.

Life Has Never Been Better.

THIS MEANING TODAY

An album by Bienoise

the album is out on 17.6.2022 and can be ordered here

← PREVIOUS   NEXT →

---

## META

CONTACT

FORCE-INC/MILLE PLATEAUX

IMPRESSUM

DATENSCHUTZERKLÄRUNG

## TAXONOMY

CATEGORIES

TAGS

AUTHORS

ALL INPUT

## SOCIAL

FACEBOOK

INSTAGRAM

TWITTER